GARLAND,

BEAUTIFIED WITH THREE DELIGHTFUL

New Songs.

I. *The distracted Sailor's complaint for his Sweetheart marrying with another in his absence, they being betrothed together.*

II. *A New Scots' Songs, called,* Nancy's to the Green Wood gane.

III. *Tommy Linn.*

Licensed and entered according to Order.

The Diſtracted Sailor's Garland.

The Tune, *What is greater Joy, &c.*

OH! how pleaſant are young lovers,
When their courtſhip firſt begin,
And their faces oft diſcovers,
The great pleaſure they are in,
When one ſeems to love the other,
Hand in hand theſe lovers move,
What ſweet kiſſes they do ſmother,
And they prattle tales of love.

Juſt as Billy the Sailor courted,
Molly, and ſhe was kind,
For they had often kiſs'd and ſported,
And both perſuaded were in mind,
She conſented for to have him,
He made vows to her again,
He would wed if ſhe'd believe him,
When he did return from Spain.

Then a piece of gold was broken,
And each other take a part,
And theſe words by her were ſpoken,
Billy thou haſt won my heart,
May the heavens bleſs you thither,
And your ſafe return again,
Molly's your's alone for ever,
When you do return from Spain.

Arm in arm they kiſs'd each other,
and repeated vows did make,
Ever to love one another,
but ſaid Billy, my heart does ake,
Leſt in abſence you ſhould leave me,
then my heart would burſt in twain,
Curſe on Molly, if I deceive thee,
but ſtay till thou comes home from Spain.

Billy a golden locket gave her,
and begged of her to be true,
Molly replied, as I'm a ſinner,
I will ne'er be falſe to you.
Then they parted with eyes weeping,
and he ſail'd away for Spain,
For two years he has been miſſing,
but is now return'd again.

Several letters he had ſent her,
from Portugal and Spaniſh ſhore,
With tokens hoping to content her,
till to England he came o'er,
But no anſwer he received,
till with Admiral Lake he came,
Then his heart was ſorely grieved,
oh! that he had ſtayed in Spain.

For he found his Sweetheart married,
ſo he curs'd falſe lovers all,
Since his Molly now was carried,
by her huſband to Blackwall.

He cried out then in vexation,
now ſome new found land I'll find,
Where wild beaſts have more compaſſion,
than deluding woman kind.

But alas! he's ſore tormented,
and cries out I am undone,
For my ſoul is diſcontented,
and I ſhall diſtracted run,
Molly's falſe and has deceived me,
O ye furies why d'ye ſtay,
Of my torments ſoon relieve me,
take my wretched life away.

Now he rent his cloaths aſunder,
and into diſtraction run,
In Bedlam, to all people's wonder,
this diſtracted Sailor's gone,
There in links of iron chained,
and on ſtraw alone does lie,
Againſt Molly he exclaimed,
for her wretched perjury.

Day and night his chains he rattles,
as if Bedlam he'd pull down,
Come my Sailors think of battles,
and of bombing Spaniſh towns,
Hollo, you ſir, Bedlam porter,
bring falſe Molly here again,
I will ram her into a mortar,
and then ſhoot her into Spain.

Nancy's to the Gre Wood gane.

NANCY's to the Green Wood gane,
to hear the Gowdſpink chatt'ring,
And Willy he has followed her,
to gain her love by flat'ring,
But a' that he could ſay or do,
ſhe geck'd and ſcorned at him,
And ay when he began to woo,
ſhe bid him mind whae gat him.

What ails you at my dad, quoth he,
my minny or my aunty,
With crowdy mowdy they fed me,
lang-kail and ranty-tanty,
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
of that there was right plenty,
With chapped ſtocks too butter'd well,
and was not that right dainty.

Although my father was no laird,
'tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keep it ay a good kail-yard,
a ha'houſe and a pantry,
A good blue bonnet on his head,
an owrlay 'bout his craggy
And ay until the day he died,
he rade on good ſhanks nagy.

On mother's ſide there was great pride,
if *I* may ſay nae wonder,
She buſs'd herſelf twice in a week,
And thrice upon a Sunday,

With a manty, gown, and petticoat,
and waiſtcoat like a lilly,
With a brave ſcarf to cover all,
ſhe was as gimp as gilly.

Now wae and wander on your ſnout,
wad ye hae bonny Nancy,
Wad ye compare ye'rſell to me,
a docken to a tanſie.
I have a wooer of my ain,
they call him ſouple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonny mou,
is ſweet like ſugar candy.

Wow Nancy wat needs a' this din,
do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm ſure the chief of a' his kin,
was Rab the beggar randy,
His minny Meg upo' her back,
bare baith him and his Billy,
Will ye compare a naſty pack,
to me ye'r winſome Willy.

My Guther left a good broad ſword,
though it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may take it on my word,
it is baith ſtout and truſty,
And if I can but get it drawn,
which will be right uneaſy,
I ſhall lay both my lugs in pawn,
that he ſhall get a heezy.

I ken he's but a coward thief,
Your Titty Beſs can tell him,

How with a rock ſhe beat his beef,
and ſware that ſhe would fell him,
And he lay blittering like a ſheep,
confeſs'd he was a faulter,
And unto her did chring and creep,
and craved pardon at her.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
and ſaid, did Sandy hear you,
You wad nae miſs to get a clout,
I ken he diſna fear you,
Sae had ye're tongue and ſae na mair,
ſet ſomewhere elſe your fancy,
For as long as Sandy's to the fore,
Yet never ſhall get Nancy.

TOMMY LINN.

TOMMY Linn is a Scotchman born,
His head is bald, and his beard is ſhorn,
He has a cap made of a hare ſkin,
An elderman is Tommy Linn.

Tommy Linn has no boots to put on,
But two calf ſkins, and the hair it was on,
The arey open at the ſide and the water goes in,
Unwholeſome boots ſays Tommy Linn.

Tommy Linn has a mare of the gray,
Lam'd of all fours as I hear ſay,
It has the farcy all over the ſkin,
It's a running yade, ſays Tommy Linn.

Tommy Linn no bridle had to put on,
But two mouſes tails that he put on,
Tommy Linn had no ſaddle to put on,
But two urchin ſkins, and them he put on.

Tommy Linn went to yonder hall,
Went hipping and ſkipping among them all,
They aſk'd what made him come ſo boldly in,
I am come a wooing, ſays Tommy Linn.

Tommy Linn went to the church to be wed,
The bride followed after hanging down her head
She hung down her cheeks, ſhe hung down her
[chin
This is a glooming queen, ſays Tommy Linn.

Tommy Linn's daughter ſat on the ſtairs,
Oh, dear father, gin *I* be nor fair,
The ſtairs they broke, and ſhe fell in,
You are fair enough now ſays Tommy Linn.

Tommy Linn's daughter ſat on the bridge,
Oh, dear father, gin *I* be not trig,
The bridge it broke, and ſhe fell in,
You are trig enough now, ſays Tommy Linn.

Tommy Linn and his wife, and his wife's mothe
They all fell into the fire together,
They that lay undermoſt got a hot ſkin,
We are not enough, ſays Tommy Linn.

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